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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

52829

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH

DESIGNS BY RICHARD WESTALL, R.A.

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OF THE

Sir Thomas Lawrence. W.H. Watt.

THOMAS CAMPBELL ESQ.

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THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

The Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate...the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated ...an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind...the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress...the seaman on his watch...the soldier marching into battle...allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste...domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness...picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep...pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society...the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations...from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a

brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence...description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague...apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement...the wrongs of Africa... the barbarous policy of Europeans in India... prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;

And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aönian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;

When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below,
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!

What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest
shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the
world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer
smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,

Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore —[a]
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,

To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend! [b]

Congenial HOPE! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words proclaim)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye!
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string. [c]

"The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,[d]
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;

Calm as the fields of Heaven his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?'

"Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,[e]
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.

I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Enquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noqn employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

"Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;—

On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.[f]
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star:
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine!"

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call'd from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath,—

Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy —
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;

Drawn by R. Westall, R.A. Engraved on Steel by C. Heath.

Or steps with holy look his ev'ning prayer

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How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;

She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

Drawn by H. Westall R.A.

Pilot on the deep her blazing town to burn
To hail the bark that never can return :

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies[g]—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,[h]
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,

Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man![1]

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;

Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—
HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay!

Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!

Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius, and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—
"Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career."

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No!—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd hand:
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Rapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;

Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;

Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below!

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give Scripture for the deed;

Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!—

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!—

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo loved to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;

Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own!
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came!—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles;
For ever fall'n! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew;[k] at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe!
Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scymitar,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;

The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy spirit of the cape;[m]
Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore: [n]

Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!

He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below!
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean bed,
Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,[p]
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!"

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

Apostrophe to the power of Love .... its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility .... allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings .... the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment.... this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features she could find .... a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents .... even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem.... the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution.... the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts.... allusion to the fate of a suicide.... episode of Conrad and Ellenore.... conclusion.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd:—

But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;

In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review,
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,

On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day?—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!—[a]
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page
No fears but such as fancy can assuage;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace;)
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,

And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles;
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combined!
Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,

Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep;
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

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MUSIC

Drawn by H. Corbould, Esq.ᵗ | Engraved on Steel by C. Rolls.

But pause oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet Lay of Music far away. Pᵗ

LONDON,
Published by Henry Colburn & Richard Bentley,
New Burlington Street.
1830

Perkins & Bacon.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own;

And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began!
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion![b] and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prvaeil!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,

Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd — and shriek'd — and perish'd on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father bless'd his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor,[c] and pleads for all his crimes!
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear!
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept and pray'd perdition from his sword!
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature crack'd with agony!
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel —
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great![d]
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore[e]
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore;
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last!
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!

Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year;
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;
For, as Iona's saint,[f] a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)

Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive HOPE hath but a Syren tongue!
True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return![8]

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The grief and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hail'd the dawning of the day;

Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy!
My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried:
Oh! that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!

Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;

Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,

Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!

Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heaven?
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurell'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heaven-ward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,

To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the fay.

Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.
Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of HOPE behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,

Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!
Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;

When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,

Drawn by R.Westall R.A. Engraved on Steel by C.Heath.

Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that cur'd unutterable woe

LONDON.
Published by Henry Colburn & Richard Bentley
New Burlington Street
1830.

Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;

But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake!

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile

NOTES.

ON PART I.

NOTE [1], p. 10.

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.

The following picture of his own distress, given by BYRON in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 10.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two "after we put to sea again, and crossed the great "bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of "when we first hauled away to the westward. "The land here was very low and sandy, and "something like the mouth of a river which dis- "charged itself into the sea, and which had been

" taken no notice of by us before, as it was so
" shallow that the Indians were obliged to take
" every thing out of their canoes, and carry them
" over land. We rowed up the river four or five
" leagues, and then took into a branch of it that
" ran first to the eastward, and then to the north-
" ward: here it became much narrower, and the
" stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but
" little way, though we wrought very hard. At
" night we landed upon its banks, and had a most
" uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp,
" and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained
" excessively. The Indians were little better off
" than we, as there was no wood here to make
" their wigwams; so that all they could do was to
" prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom
" of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well
" as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing
" the difficulties they had to encounter here, they
" had provided themselves with some seal; but
" we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fa-
" tigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw
" the Indians make use of, which was very disa-
" greeable to the taste. We laboured all next day
" against the stream, and fared as we had done the

" day before. The next day brought us to the car-
" rying place. Here was plenty of wood, but no-
" thing to be got for sustenance. We passed this
" night, as we had frequently done, under a tree;
" but what we suffered at this time is not easy to
" be expressed. I had been three days at the oar
" without any kind of nourishment except the
" wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt,
" for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes
" consisted of a short grieko (something like a
" bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once
" been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers,
" without shoes or stockings."

Note [b], p. 11.

——— *a Briton and a friend.*

Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Note [c], p. 12.

Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the

symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschell, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

NOTE [d], p. 12.

The Swedish sage.

Linnæus.

NOTE [e], p. 13.

Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow.

Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers; it is met with more than once in the Chœphoræ of Æschylus.

NOTE [f], p. 15.

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.

See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

NOTE [g], p. 23.

Wild Obi flies.

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must

undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

NOTE [h], p. 23.

——— *Sibir's dreary mines.*

Mr. Bell of Antermony, in his Travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

NOTE [i], p. 24.

Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

NOTE [k], p. 32.

The shrill horn blew.

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

NOTE [l], p. 33.

How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd?

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity.

"The impostor of Mecca had established, as one "of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of "extending it either by persuasion, or the sword, "to all parts of the earth. How steadily this in- "junction was adhered to by his followers, and "with what success it was pursued, is well known "to all who are in the least conversant in history.

"The same overwhelming torrent which had "inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its "way into the very heart of Europe, and covering "many kingdoms of Asia, with unbounded desola- "tion, directed its baneful course to the flourish- "ing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce "and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement "had been in the science of destruction, who

"added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of "war, found the great end of their conquest op- "posed by objects which neither the ardour of "their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, "could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by "the cruel hand of religious persecution, and "whole countries were deluged in blood, in the "vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, "the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, "into the profession of Mahomedism. But all "these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at "length, being fully convinced, that though they "might extirpate, they could never hope to con- "vert, any number of the Hindoos, they relin- "quished the impracticable idea with which they "had entered upon their career of conquest, and "contented themselves with the acquirement of "the civil dominion and almost universal empire "of Hindostan."—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.*

NOTE [m], p. 34.

And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape.

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from CAMÖENS, by MICKLE.

NOTE [n], p. 34.

While famish'd nations died along the shore.

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money "in this current came but by drops; it could not "quench the thirst of those who waited in India "to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, re- "mained to quicken its pace. The natives could "live with little salt, but could not want food. "Some of the agents saw themselves well situated "for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. "They knew the Gentoos would rather die than "violate the principles of their religion by eating "flesh. The alternative would therefore be be- "tween giving what they had, or dying. The in- "habitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, "and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, "planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the "monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. "In some districts the languid living left the bo- "dies of their numerous dead unburied."—*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies,* page 145.

NOTE [o], p 35.

Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world.

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

NOTE [p], p. 36.

Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime—

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

NOTES.

ON PART II.

NOTE [a], p. 44.

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—DRYDEN.

NOTE [b], p. 48.

Thy woes, Arion!

Falconer, in his poem *The Shipwreck,* speaks of himself by the name of Arion.

See FALCONER'S *Shipwreck, canto III.*

NOTE [c], p. 49.

The robber Moor!

See SCHILLER'S tragedy of *The Robbers,* scene v.

NOTE [d], p. 50.

What millions died—that Cæsar might be great!

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

NOTE [e], p. 50.

Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore.

"In this extremity," (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa,) "the memo-
"rable winter of 1709, which was still more re-
"markable in that part of Europe than in France,
"destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles re-
"solved to brave the seasons as he had done his
"enemies, and ventured to make long marches
"during this mortal cold. It was in one of these
"marches that two thousand men fell down dead
"with cold before his eyes."

NOTE [f], p. 51.

———*As Iona's saint.*

The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion, that on certain evenings every year the tute-

lary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

NOTE [5], p. 52.

And part, like Ajut,—never to return!

See the history of AJUT AND ANNINGAIT *in The Rambler.*

THEODRIC;

A DOMESTIC TALE.

THEODRIC;

A DOMESTIC TALE.

'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phœnix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
That high in Heaven's vermilion wheel'd and soar'd.
Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd and roar'd,
From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin;
Herds tinkling roam'd the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flourish'd green.

'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd,
She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A Gothic church was near; the spot around
Was beautiful, ev'n though sepulchral ground;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.
Amidst them one of spotless marble shone—
A maiden's grave—and 'twas inscribed thereon,
That young and loved she died whose dust was there:

"Yes," said my comrade, "young she died, and fair!
Grace form'd her, and the soul of gladness play'd
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid:

Her fingers witch'd the chords they pass'd along,
And her lips seem'd to kiss the soul in song:
Yet woo'd, and worship'd as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burn'd
And died of love that could not be return'd.

Her father dwelt where yonder Castle shines
O'er clustering trees and terrace-mantling vines.
As gay as ever, the laburnum's pride
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide,—
And still the garden whence she graced her brow,
As lovely blooms, though trode by strangers now.
How oft from yonder window o'er the lake,
Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake
Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear,
And rest enchanted on his oar to hear!
Thus bright, accomplish'd, spirited, and bland,
Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,
Why had no gallant native youth the art
To win so warm—so exquisite a heart?

She, midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom—music—fancy—song,
Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
Dreamt of Heroic beings; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind;
And scorning wealth, look'd cold ev'n on the claim
Of manly worth, that lack'd the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,
And much her likeness both in mind and mould,
Had gone, poor boy! in soldiership to shine,
And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.
'Twas when, alas! our Empire's evil star
Shed all the plagues, without the pride, of war;
When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish cross'd
Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.
The youth wrote home the rout of many a day;
Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
One corps had ever made a valiant stand,—
The corps in which he served,—THEODRIC'S band.

His fame, forgotten chief, is now gone by,
Eclipsed by brighter orbs in glory's sky;
Yet once it shone, and veterans, when they show
Our fields of battle twenty years ago,
Will tell you feats his small brigade perform'd,
In charges nobly faced and trenches storm'd.
Time was, when songs were chanted to his fame,
And soldiers loved the march that bore his name:
The zeal of martial hearts was at his call,
And that Helvetian, UDOLPH'S, most of all.
'Twas touching, when the storm of war blew wild,
To see a blooming boy,—almost a child,—
Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs,
Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,
And speed each task, and tell each message clear,
In scenes where war-train'd men were stunn'd
with fear.

THEODRIC praised him, and they wept for joy
In yonder house,—when letters from the boy
Thank'd Heaven for life, and more, to use his phrase,
Than twenty lives—his own Commander's praise.

Then follow'd glowing pages, blazoning forth
The fancied image of his Leader's worth,
With such hyperbolés of youthful style
As made his parents dry their tears and smile:
But differently far his words impress'd
A wondering sister's well-believing breast;—
She caught th' illusion, bless'd THEODRIC's name,
And wildly magnified his worth and fame;
Rejoicing life's reality contain'd
One, heretofore, her fancy had but feign'd,
Whose love could make her proud;—and time and chance
To passion raised that day-dream of Romance.

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
Our arrière-guard had check'd the Gallic van,
THEODRIC, visiting the outposts, found
His UDOLPH wounded, weltering on the ground:—
Sore crush'd,—half-swooning, half-upraised, he lay,
And bent his brow, fair boy! and grasp'd the clay.
His fate moved ev'n the common soldier's ruth—
THEODRIC succour'd him; nor left the youth

To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent,
And lent what aid a brother would have lent.

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
He wrote th' event to them; and soon could tell
Of pains assuaged and symptoms auguring well;
And last of all, prognosticating cure,
Enclosed the leech's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
That tears had fall'n, whilst trembling fingers wrote,
Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferr'd,
Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word,
Whose memory Time, they said, would never blot;
But which the giver had himself forgot.

In time, the stripling, vigorous and heal'd,
Resumed his barb and banner in the field,
And bore himself right soldier-like, till now
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his brow,

When peace, though but a scanty pause for breath,—
A curtain-drop between the acts of death,—
A check in frantic war's unfinish'd game,
Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came.
The camp broke up, and UDOLPH left his chief
As with a son's or younger brother's grief:
But journeying home, how rapt his spirits rose!
How light his footsteps crush'd St. Gothard's snows!
How dear seem'd ev'n the waste and wild Shreck-
horn,
Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms;
Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,
And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known!

His coming down yon lake,—his boat in view
Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew,—
The arms spread out for him—the tears that
burst,—
('Twas JULIA'S, 'twas his sister's met him first:)

Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
And all their rapture's greeting, may be guess'd.

Ere long, his bosom triumph'd to unfold
A gift he meant their gayest room to hold,—
The picture of a friend in warlike dress;
And who it was he first bade JULIA guess.
"Yes," she replied, "'twas he methought in sleep,
When you were wounded, told me not to weep."
The painting long in that sweet mansion drew
Regards its living semblance little knew.

Meanwhile THEODRIC, who had years before
Learnt England's tongue, and loved her classic lore,
A glad enthusiast now explored the land,
Where Nature, Freedom, Art, smile hand in hand:
Her women fair; her men robust for toil;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil;
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings;

Her works of art, resembling magic's powers;
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous
bowers,—
These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle.
But how our fates from unmomentous things
May rise, like rivers out of little springs!
A trivial chance postponed his parting day,
And public tidings caused, in that delay,
An English jubilee. 'Twas a glorious sight;
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,
Pour'd out triumphant multitudes to gaze;
Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze;
Th' illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
And Beauty's groupes, the fairest of the land,
Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
In open chariots pass'd with pearl and plume.
Amidst them he remark'd a lovelier mien
Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen:
The throng detain'd her till he rein'd his steed,
And, ere the beauty pass'd, had time to read

The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
Till he had known her: and to know her well
Prolong'd, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell;
For with affections warm, intense, refined,
She mix'd such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like Heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
Her's was the brow, in trials unperplex'd,
That cheer'd the sad, and tranquillized the vex'd;
She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
And yet the wisest listen'd to her lips;
She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill,
But yet her voice had tones that sway'd the will.
He sought—he won her—and resolved to make
His future home in England for her sake.

Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
To CÆSAR's Court commanded his return,
A season's space,—and on his Alpine way,
He reach'd those bowers, that rang with joy that day:

The boy was half beside himself,—the sire,
All frankness, honour, and Helvetian fire,
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak;
And tears bedew'd and brighten'd JULIA's cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride,
A month he promised with them to abide;
As blithe he trode the mountain-sward as they,
And felt his joy make ev'n the young more gay.
How jocund was their breakfast-parlour fann'd
By yon blue water's breath,—their walks how bland!
Fair JULIA seem'd her brother's soften'd sprite—
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,—
And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,
That almost child-like to his kindness drew,
And twin with UDOLPH in his friendship grew.
But did his thoughts to love one moment range?—
No! he who had loved CONSTANCE could not change!

Besides, till grief betray'd her undesign'd,
Th' unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind,
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwoo'd devotion back for pure esteem.

True she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought,
Which only Music's Heaven-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
She paused o'ercome: he thought it might be chance,
And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul.
But when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honour, friendship, bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness fear'd to ask.

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
Her spirit met th' explanatory hour;—
Ev'n conscious beauty brighten'd in her eyes,
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize;

And pride, like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarged her mien, enrich'd her voice's tone.
'Twas then she struck the keys, and music made
That mock'd all skill her hand had e'er display'd:
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She look'd the very Muse of magic sound,
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
Her closing strain composed and calm she play'd,
And sang no words to give its pathos aid;
But grief seem'd lingering in its lengthen'd swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.
Of CONSTANCE then she heard THEODRIC speak,
And steadfast smoothness still possess'd her cheek;
But when he told her how he oft had plann'd
Of old a journey to their mountain-land,
That might have brought him hither years before,
"Ah! then," she cried, "you knew not England's shore;
And, had you come,—and wherefore did you not?"
"Yes," he replied, "it would have changed our lot!"

Then burst her tears through pride's restraining bands,
And with her handkerchief, and both her hands,
She hid her face and wept.—Contrition stung
THEODRIC for the tears his words had wrung.
"But no," she cried, "unsay not what you 've said,
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stay'd;
To think I could have merited your faith,
Shall be my solace even unto death!"—
"JULIA," THEODRIC said, with purposed look
Of firmness, "my reply deserved rebuke;
But by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
And by the dignity of womankind,
Swear that when I am gone you 'll do your best
To chase this dream of fondness from your breast."

Th' abrupt appeal electrified her thought;—
She look'd to Heaven, as if its aid she sought,
Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
And signified the vow she could not speak.

Ere long he communed with her mother mild:
" Alas!" she said, " I warn'd—conjured my child,
" And grieved for this affection from the first,
" But like fatality it has been nursed;
" For when her fill'd eyes on your picture fix'd,
" And when your name in all she spoke was mix'd,
" 'Twas hard to chide an over-grateful mind!
" Then each attempt a likelier choice to find
" Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
" And UDOLPH's pride—perhaps her own—believe
" That could she meet, she might enchant ev'n you.
" You came.—I augur'd the event, 'tis true,
" But how was UDOLPH's mother to exclude
" The guest that claim'd our boundless gratitude?
" And that unconscious you had cast a spell
" On JULIA's peace, my pride refused to tell:
" Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,
" Believe me well, how blameless you have been:
" Nor can it cancel, howsoe'er it end,
" Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend."
At night he parted with the aged pair;
At early morn rose JULIA to prepare

The last repast her hands for him should make;
And UDOLPH to convoy him o'er the lake.
The parting was to her such bitter grief,
That of her own accord she made it brief;
But, lingering at her window, long survey'd
His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.

THEODRIC sped to Austria, and achieved
His journey's object. Much was he relieved
When UDOLPH's letters told that JULIA's mind
Had borne his loss firm, tranquil, and resign'd.
He took the Rhenish route to England, high
Elate with hopes, fulfill'd their ecstasy,
And interchanged with CONSTANCE's own breath
The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
Were like pourtraying pictures to the blind.
'Twas needful ev'n infectiously to feel
Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,
To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain,

Of that pure pride, which lessening to her breast
Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth—how happy are the good!—

Ev'n when her light forsook him, it bequeath'
Ennobling sorrow; and her memory breathed
A sweetness that survived her living days
As odorous scents outlast the censer's blaze.

Or if a trouble dimm'd their golden joy,
'Twas outward dross, and not infused alloy:
Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—
A little Heaven, above dissension's reach.
But midst her kindred there was strife and gall;
Save one congenial sister, they were all
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace,
As if she had engross'd the virtue of her race.
Her nature strove th' unnatural feuds to heal,
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal;
And tho' the wounds she cured were soon unclosed,
Unwearied still her kindness interposed.

Oft on those errands though she went, in vain,
And home, a blank without her, gave him pain,
He bore her absence for its pious end.—
But public grief his spirit came to bend;
For war laid waste his native land once more,
And German honour bled at every pore.
Oh! were he there, he thought, to rally back
One broken band, or perish in the wrack!
Nor think that CONSTANCE sought to move or melt
His purpose: like herself she spoke and felt:—
"Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
"Except its loss!—but with you let me go
"To arm you for, to embrace you from the fight;
"Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight!"
He knew those hazards better; one campaign
In England he conjured her to remain,
And she express'd assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved *they* should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
Are wreck'd by errors most unlike themselves!

That little fault, *that* fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mischance.
He knew it not preparing to embark,
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark,
When, midst those number'd days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care.
'Tis true she said the tidings she would write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light;
But, haplessly, reveal'd not yet her plan,
And left him in his home a lonely man.

Thus damp'd in thoughts, he mused upon the past:
'Twas long since he had heard from UDOLPH last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell,
That all with UDOLPH'S household was not well.
'Twas that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind,
When come. Least look'd-for then of human kind.

His UDOLPH ('twas, he thought at first, his sprite)
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.
How changed was UDOLPH! Scarce THEODRIC durst
Inquire his tidings,—he reveal'd the worst.
" At first," he said, " as JULIA bade me tell,
" She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,
" Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,
" And from the world's compassion saved our pride;
" But still her health gave way to secret woe,
" And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow!
" Her reason went, but came returning, like
" The warning of her death-hour—soon to strike;
" And all for which she now, poor sufferer! sighs,
" Is once to see THEODRIC ere she dies.
" Why should I come to tell you this caprice?
" Forgive me! for my mind has lost its peace.
" I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to blame,
" That my insane ambition for the name
" Of brother to THEODRIC, founded all
" Those high-built hopes that crush'd her by their fall.

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" I made her slight a mother's counsel sage,
" But now my parents droop with grief and age;
" And though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke,
" They overwhelm me with their dying look.
" The journey 's long, but you are full of ruth;
" And she who shares your heart, and knows its truth,
" Has faith in your affection, far above
" The fear of a poor dying object's love."—
" She has, my UDOLPH," he replied, " 'tis true;
" And oft we talk of JULIA — oft of you."
Their converse came abruptly to a close;
For scarce could each his troubled looks compose,
When visitants, to CONSTANCE near akin,
(In all but traits of soul,) were usher'd in.
They brought not her, nor midst their kindred band
The sister who alone, like her, was bland;
But said—and smiled to see it gave him pain—
That CONSTANCE would a fortnight yet remain.
Vex'd by their tidings, and the haughty view
They cast on UDOLPH as the youth withdrew,

THEODRIC blamed his CONSTANCE's intent.—
The demons went, and left him as they went,
To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
A note from her loved hand, explaining all.
She said, that with their house she only staid
That parting peace might with them all be made;
But pray'd for love to share his foreign life,
And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say:
The letter miss'd her on her homeward way.
In six hours CONSTANCE was within his arms:
Moved, flush'd, unlike her wonted calm of charms,
And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—
Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,—
" I knew that those who brought your message laugh'd,
" With poison of their own to point the shaft;
" And this my one kind sister thought, yet loth
" Confess'd she fear'd 'twas true you had been wroth.
" But here you are, and smile on me: my pain
" Is gone, and CONSTANCE is herself again."

His ecstasy, it may be guess'd, was much:
Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seem'd to touch.
What pride! embracing beauty's perfect mould;
What terror! lest his few rash words, mistold,
Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat:
But calm'd again so soon it healthful beat,
And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound,
Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being! with what sympathetic grace
She heard, bewail'd, and pleaded JULIA's case;
Implored he would her dying wish attend,
"And go," she said, "to-morrow with your friend;
"I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
"And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more."

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew
To JULIA's call, and CONSTANCE urged anew
That not to heed her now would be to bind
A load of pain for life upon his mind.

He went with UDOLPH—from his CONSTANCE went—
Stifling, alas! a dark presentiment
Some ailment lurk'd, ev'n whilst she smiled, to mock
His fears of harm from yester-morning's shock.
Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out,
To watch at home, and follow straight his route,
If aught of threaten'd change her health should show:
—With UDOLPH then he reach'd the house of woe.

That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow
Scowl'd on the scenes it lights so lovely now!
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice;
And whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd,
While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds
That whirl'd like spirits wailing in their shrouds:

Without was Nature's elemental din—
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within!

Sweet JULIA, though her fate was finish'd half,
Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—
And bless'd him, till she drew her latest sigh!
But lo! while UDOLPH's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those!
'Twas tidings, by his English messenger,
Of CONSTANCE—brief and terrible they were.
She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt.
Poor JULIA! saw he then thy death's relief—
Stunn'd into stupor more than wrung with grief?
It was not strange; for in the human breast
Two master-passions cannot co-exist,
And that alarm which now usurp'd his brain
Shut out not only peace, but other pain,
'Twas fancying CONSTANCE underneath the shroud
That cover'd JULIA made him first weep wildly

And tear himself away from them that wept.
Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,
Till, launch'd at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint
Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,
O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he bless'd
The shore; nor hope left utterly his breast,
Till reaching home, terrific omen! there
The straw-laid street preluded his despair—
The servant's look—the table that reveal'd
His letter sent to CONSTANCE last, still seal'd—
Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
That he had now to suffer—not to fear.
He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel—
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel:
Her death's cause—he might make his peace with
Heaven,
Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven.

The ocean has its ebbings—so has grief;
Twas vent to anguish, if 'twas not relief,
To lay his brow ev'n on her death-cold cheek.
Then first he heard her one kind sister speak:

She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear
With self-reproach to deepen his despair:
"'Twas blame," she said, "I shudder to relate,
But none of your's, that caused our darling's fate;
Her mother (must I call her such?) foresaw,
Should CONSTANCE leave the land, she would withdraw
Our House's charm against the world's neglect—
The only gem that drew it some respect.
Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke
To change her purpose—grew incensed, and broke
With execrations from her kneeling child.
Start not! your angel from her knee rose mild,
Fear'd that she should not long the scene outlive,
Yet bade ev'n you th' unnatural one forgive.
Till then her ailment had been slight, or none;
But fast she droop'd, and fatal pains came on:
Foreseeing their event, she dictated
And sign'd these words for you." The letter said—

"THEODRIC, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle; bear it then, my love!

Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,
For one true sister left me not forlorn;
And though you're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasp'd hands in blessing you now join:
Shape not imagined horrors in my fate—
Ev'n now my sufferings are not very great;
And when your grief's first transports shall subside,
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret:
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pardoning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?

No! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine:
For if you war not proudly with your pain,
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit—not despair:
I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss,—
The latest from my living lips for yours."—

Words that will solace him while life endures:
For though his spirit from affliction's surge
Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,
Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
Rang sweetness, ev'n beneath the crush of fate,—
That mind in whose regard all things were placed
In views that soften'd them, or lights that graced,
That soul's example could not but dispense
A portion of its own bless'd influence;

Invoking him to peace, and that self-sway
Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away:
And though he mourn'd her long, 'twas with such
woe
As if her spirit watch'd him still below.

NOTES.

Line 3, p. 81.

That gave the glacier tops their richest glow.

The sight of the glaciers of Switzerland, I am told, has often disappointed travellers who had perused the accounts of their splendour and sublimity given by Bourrit and other describers of Swiss scenery. Possibly Bourrit, who had spent his life in an enamoured familiarity with the beauties of Nature in Switzerland, may have leaned to the romantic side of description. One can pardon a man for a sort of idolatry of those imposing objects of Nature which heighten our ideas of the bounty of Nature or Providence, when we reflect that the glaciers—those seas of ice—are not only

sublime, but useful: they are the inexhaustible reservoirs which supply the principal rivers of Europe; and their annual melting is in proportion to the summer heat which dries up those rivers and makes them need that supply.

That the picturesque grandeur of the glaciers should sometimes disappoint the traveller, will not seem surprising to any one who has been much in a mountainous country, and recollects that the beauty of Nature in such countries is not only variable, but capriciously dependent on the weather and sunshine. There are about four hundred different glaciers,* according to the computation of M. Bourrit, between Mont Blanc and the frontiers of the Tyrol. The full effect of the most lofty and picturesque of them can, of course, only be produced by the richest and warmest light of the atmosphere; and the very heat which illuminates them must have a changing influence on many of their appearances. I imagine it is owing to this circumstance, namely, the casualty and changeableness of the appearance of some of the glaciers, that the impressions made by them on the minds of

* Occupying, if taken together, a surface of 130 square leagues.

other and more transient travellers have been less enchanting than those described by M. Bourrit. On one occasion M. Bourrit seems even to speak of a past phenomenon, and certainly one which no other spectator attests in the same terms, when he says, that there once existed between the Kandel Steig and Lauterbrun, "a passage amidst singular glaciers, sometimes resembling magical towns of ice, with pilasters, pyramids, columns, and obelisks, reflecting to the sun the most brilliant hues of the finest gems."—M. Bourrit's description of the Glacier of the Rhone is quite enchanting:—"To form an idea," he says, "of this superb spectacle, figure in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice, filling a space of two miles, rising to the clouds, and darting flashes of light like the sun. Nor were the several parts less magnificent and surprising. One might see, as it were, the streets and buildings of a city, erected in the form of an amphitheatre, and embellished with pieces of water, cascades, and torrents. The effects were as prodigious as the immensity and the height;—the most beautiful azure—the most splendid white—the regular appearance of a thou-

sand pyramids of ice, are more easy to be imagined than described."—*Bourrit*, iii. 163.

LINE 9, p. 81.

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin.

Laborde, in his "Tableau de la Suisse," gives a curious account of this animal, the wild sharp cry and elastic movements of which must heighten the picturesque appearance of its haunts."—"Nature," says Laborde, "has destined it to mountains covered with snow: if it is not exposed to keen cold, it becomes blind. Its agility in leaping much surpasses that of the chamois, and would appear incredible to those who have not seen it. There is not a mountain so high or steep to which it will not trust itself, provided it has room to place its feet; it can scramble along the highest wall, if its surface be rugged."

LINE 15, p. 82.

Enamell'd moss.

The moss of Switzerland, as well as that of the Tyrol, is remarkable for a bright smoothness approaching to the appearance of enamel.

MARTIAL ELEGY.

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While scorn'd and scowl'd upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed ! dishonouring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him :—Affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand
To save our children :—fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem th' unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might ;
Nor lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unbless'd)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevel'd in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perished in the front of war.

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION

FROM MEDEA.

Σκαιους δε λεγων, κουδέν τι σοφους
Τους προσθε βροτους ουκ αν αμαρτοις.
Medea, v. 194. p. 33. Glasg. edit.

Tell me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
First charm'd the ear of youthful Time,
With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire,
Who bade delighted echo swell
The trembling transports of the lyre,
The murmur of the shell—
Why to the burst of Joy alone
Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?

Why can no bard, with magic strain,
In slumbers steep the heart of pain?
While varied tones obey your sweep,
The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,
Bends not despairing Grief to hear
Your golden lute, with ravish'd ear?
Oh! has your sweetest shell no power to bind
The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
And lull the wrath at whose command
Murder bares her gory hand?
When flush'd with joy, the rosy throng
Weave the light dance, ye swell the song!
Cease, ye vain warblers! cease to charm
The breast with other raptures warm!
Cease! till your hand with magic strain
In slumbers steep the heart of pain!

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS

IN THE SAME TRAGEDY,

TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER CHILDREN TO DEATH, AND FLYING FOR PROTECTION TO ATHENS.

O HAGGARD queen! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steep'd in kindred gore;
Or seek to hide thy damned parricide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore?

The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,
Woos the deep silence of sequester'd bowers,
And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquer'd towers!

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fair,
While Spring eternal on the lilied plain,
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air!

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among;
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell;
Still in your vales they swell the choral song!

But there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Waved in bright auburn o'er her polish'd brow!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephisus lave,
There, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day,
The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taste the wave;

And blest the stream, and breathed across the land
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers;
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers!

"And go," she cries, "in yonder valleys rove,
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illume;
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender bloom!

"Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft control,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind!
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul,
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind."

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallow'd waters play,
Where friendship binds the generous and the good,
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman! with thy hands embrued

In thine own children's gore? Oh! ere they bleed,
Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal!
Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—
The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall!

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall sting,
When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear!
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
The screams of horror in thy tortured ear?

No! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry,—
In dust we kneel—by sacred Heaven implore—
O! stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,
Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,
Undamp'd by horror at the daring plan?
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom?
Or hands to finish what thy wrath began?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee
weep?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer,—
Ay! thou shalt melt;—and many a heart-shed tear
Gush o'er the harden'd features of despair!

Nature shall throb in every tender string,—
Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;—
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
The blade, undrench'd in blood's eternal dye.

CHORUS.

Hallow'd Earth! with indignation
Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed!
Radiant eye of wide creation,
Watch the damned parricide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter
Children of thy golden line!

Shall thy hand, with murder gory,
Cause immortal blood to flow!
Sun of Heaven!—array'd in glory
Rise, forbid, avert the blow!

In the vales of placid gladness
Let no rueful maniac range;
Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
Wrest the dagger from Revenge!

Say, hast thou, with kind protection,
Rear'd thy smiling race in vain;
Fostering Nature's fond affection,
Tender cares, and pleasing pain?

Hast thou, on the troubled ocean,
Braved the tempest loud and strong,
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Roar Cyanean rocks among?

Didst thou roam the paths of danger,
Hymenean joys to prove?
Spare, O sanguinary stranger,
Pledges of thy sacred love!

Shall not Heaven, with indignation,
Watch thee o'er the barbarous deed?
Shalt thou cleanse, with expiation,
Monstrous, murderous parricide?

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR, THE

"FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR, THE

"FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

I.

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail [a]
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,

[a] Ireland.

The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt:
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

II.

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloom'd a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,[b]
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English sword;

[b] Kerne, the ancient Irish foot soldiery.

Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;
Why wanders she a huntress wild—
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

III.

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed in the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling[c] door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet:
For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

[c] Rude hut, or cabin.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat in a golden cup.

V.

'A hero's bride! this desert bower,
'It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
'And wherefore dost thou love this flower
'To call—"My love lies bleeding?"

'This purple flower my tears have nursed;
'A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
'I love it, for it was the first
'That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
'Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
'This desert mansion is my choice!
'And blest, though fatal, be the star
'That led me to its wilds afar:
'For here these pathless mountains free
'Gave shelter to my love and me;
'And every rock and every stone
'Bear witness that he was my own.

VI.

'O'Connor's child, I was the bud
'Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
'But woe to them that wrapt in blood
'The tissue of my story!
'Still as I clasp my burning brain,
'A death-scene rushes on my sight;
'It rises o'er and o'er again,
'The bloody feud—the fatal night,

'When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
'They call'd my hero basely born;
'And bade him choose a meaner bride
'Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
'Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
'Was sung in Tara's psaltery;[d]
'Witness their Eath's victorious brand,[e]
'And Cathal of the bloody hand;
'Glory (they said) and power and honour
'Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
'But he, my loved one, bore in field
'A meaner crest upon his shield.

VII.

'Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
'That fiercely and triumphantly
'Ye fought the English of the pale,
'And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?
'And what was it to love and me,
'That barons by your standard rode;

[d] The psalter of Tara was the great national register of the ancient Irish.

[e] Vide the note upon the victories of the house of O'Connor.

'Or beal-fires[f] for your jubilee,
'Upon an hundred mountains glow'd?
'What though the lords of tower and dome
'From Shannon to the North-sea foam,—
'Thought ye your iron hands of pride
'Could break the knot that love had tied?
'No:—let the eagle change his plume,
'The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
'But ties around this heart were spun,
'That could not, would not, be undone!

VIII.

'At bleating of the wild watch-fold
'Thus sang my love—"Oh, come with me:
'Our bark is on the lake, behold
'Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
'Come far from Castle-Connor's clans—
'Come with thy belted forestere,
'And I, beside the lake of swans,
'Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;

[f] Fires lighted on May-day on the hill tops by the Irish. Vide the note on Stanza VII.

'And build thy hut, and bring thee home
'The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
'And berries from the wood provide,
'And play my clarshech[g] by thy side.
'Then come, my love!"—How could I stay?
'Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
'And I pursued, by moonless skies,
'The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

IX.

'And fast and far, before the star
'Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,
'And saw at dawn the lofty bawn[h]
'Of Castle-Connor fade.
'Sweet was to us the hermitage
'Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore;
'Like birds all joyous from the cage,
'For man's neglect we loved it more.
'And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
'To search the game with hawk and spear;
'While I, his evening food to dress,
'Would sing to him in happiness.

[g] The harp. [h] Ancient fortification.

'But, oh, that midnight of despair!
'When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
'The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
'The night, to him, that had no morrow!

X.

'When all was hush'd, at even tide,
'I heard the baying of their beagle:
'Be hush'd! my Connocht Moran cried,
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
'Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound;
'Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
'Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
'And, hark! again, that nearer shout,
'Brings faster on the murderers.
'Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!
'In vain—no voice the adder charms;
'Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:
'Another's sword has laid him low—
'Another's and another's;
'And every hand that dealt the blow—
'Ah me! it was a brother's!

'Yes, when his moanings died away,
'Their iron hands had dug the clay,
'And o'er his burial turf they trod,
'And I beheld—Oh God! Oh God!
'His life-blood oozing from the sod!

XI.

'Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
'Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,
'Nor mass nor ulla-lulla[1] heard,
'Lamenting, soothe his grave.
'Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
'How long in thraldom's grasp I lay,
'I knew not, for my soul was black,
'And knew no change of night or day.
'One night of horror round me grew;
'Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
'The angry brothers of my race,
'Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
'And check'd my bosom's power to sob,

[1] The Irish lamentation for the dead.

'Or when my heart with pulses drear,
'Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

'But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
'Did with a vision bright inspire:
'I woke and felt upon my lips
'A prophetess's fire.
'Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
'I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
'And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
'My guilty, trembling brothers round.
'Clad in the helm and shield they came;
'For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
'Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
'And lighted up the midnight skies.
'The standard of O'Connor's sway
'Was in the turret where I lay;
'That standard, with so dire a look,
'As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
'I gave,—that every bosom shook
'Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

'And go! (I cried,) the combat seek,
'Ye hearts that unappalled bore
'The anguish of a sister's shriek,
'Go!—and return no more!
'For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
'Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
'The banner with victorious hand,
'Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
'O stranger! by my country's loss!
'And by my love! and by the cross!
'I swear I never could have spoke
'The curse that sever'd nature's yoke;
'But that a spirit o'er me stood,
'And fired me with the wrathful mood;
'And frenzy to my heart was given,
'To speak the malison of heaven.

XIV.

'They would have cross'd themselves, all mute;
'They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
'But at the stamping of my foot,
'Each hand down powerless fell!

'And go to Athunree![k] (I cried,)
'High lift the banner of your pride!
'But know that where its sheet unrolls,
'The weight of blood is on your souls!
'Go where the havoc of your kerne
'Shall float as high as mountain fern!
'Men shall no more your mansion know;
'The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
'Dead, as the green oblivious flood
'That mantles by your walls, shall be
'The glory of O'Connor's blood!
'Away! away to Athunree!
'Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
'The raven's wing shall be your pall!
'And not a vassal shall unlace
'The vizor from your dying face!

XV.

'A bolt that overhung our dome
'Suspended till my curse was given,
'Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
'Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.

[k] Athunree, the battle fought in 1314, which decided the fate of Ireland.

'Dire was the look that o'er their backs
'The angry parting brothers threw:
'But now, behold! like cataracts,
'Come down the hills in view
'O'Connor's plumed partizans;
'Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
'Were marching to their doom:
'A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
'A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
'And all again was gloom!

XVI.

'Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
'At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
'I found the helmet of my chief,
'His bow still hanging on our wall,
'And took it down, and vow'd to rove
'This desert place a huntress bold;
'Nor would I change my buried love
'For any heart of living mould.
'No! for I am a hero's child;
'I 'll hunt my quarry in the wild;

'And still my home this mansion make,
'Of all unheeded and unheeding,
'And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
'"The flower of love lies bleeding."'

NOTES.

VERSE 1. line 1.

Innisfail, the ancient name of Ireland.

VERSE 2. l. 9.

Kerne, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford, in his Glory's of England, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off.*"

VERSE 3. l. 12.

Shieling, a rude cabin or hut.

VERSE 4. l. 2.

In Erin's yellow vesture clad.

Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish

chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis, that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

Verse 4. l. 16.

Mórat, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

Verse 6. l. 13. and 14.

Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery.

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of Castlemone had been there only 400 years, he replied,—that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favourite monarch Ollam

Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian æra. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish anti-

quaries, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Col. Vallancey gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity-college, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described as it existed in the reign of Cormac:—

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each: the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking-horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modelers, and nobles." The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: "Twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen

attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all."

VERSE 7. l. 4.

And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry.

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English champion De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion: viz. when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs, Aeth O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

VERSE 7. l. 7.

Or beal-fires for your jubilee.

The month of May is to this day called Mi Beal tiennie, *i. e.* the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence I believe the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of Cnoc Greine, *i. e.* the hill of the sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

VERSE 8. l. 12.

And play my clarshech by thy side.

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands.—The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we

see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

VERSE 9. l. 3.

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn.

Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen—to construct and secure with branches of trees, was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spenser; but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

VERSE 13. l. 16.

To speak the malison of heaven.

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stript of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion: I allude to the denunciation of Camilla, in the tragedy of Horace. When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords

of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers ; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims :

" O Ciel ! qui vit jamais une pareille rage :
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur !
Aime, Aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur,
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome."

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe :

" Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment !
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant !
Rome, qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore !
Rome, enfin, que je haïs, parce qu'elle t'honore !
Puissent tous ses voisins, ensemble conjurés,
Sapper ses fondemens encore mal assurés ;
Et, si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'Orient, contre elle, à l'Occident s'allie !

Que cent peuples unis, des bouts de l'univers
Passent, pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers;
Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles;
Que le courroux du Ciel, allumé par mes vœux,
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux!
Puissai-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en
poudre;
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

VERSE 14. l. 5.

And go to Athunree, I cried—

In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair.—"Ever since the English (say they) "first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our "territories under a certain specious pretence of "charity, and external hypocritical show of reli-"gion, endeavouring at the same time, by every "artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root "and branch, and without any other right than

" that of the strongest; they have so far succeeded " by base fraudulence, and cunning, that they have " forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations " and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild " beasts in the mountains, the woods, and the mo- " rasses of the country;—nor even can the caverns " and dens protect us against their insatiable ava- " rice. They pursue us even into these frightful " abodes; endeavouring to dispossess us of the " wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to them- " selves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE on which " we can stamp the figure of our feet."

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland. William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. The important battle, which decided the subjection of Ireland, took place on the 10th of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish

fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states that after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havock on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast,
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.

Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in
their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of
fame.

NOTES.

LOCHIEL, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the "*gentle Lochiel;*" for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the

point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafern), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassafern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard."—"Brother," replied Fassafern, "I know you better than you know yourself: if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place; and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents: or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answer-

ed, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince."—"No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive, but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of Prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their Prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well in-

clined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to enquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their Prince; his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out, 'Will you assist me?'—'I will, I will,' said Ronald: 'though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!' Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to en-

gage their countrymen to take arms."—*Home's Hist. Rebellion*, p. 40.

NOTE 1. p. 168, l. 7.

Weep, Albin!

The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

NOTE 2. p. 170, l. 15. and 16.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!

The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

An account of the second sight, in Irish called Taish, is thus given in Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland. "The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of any thing else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

"This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not; and *vice versa*. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict enquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the

time and circumstances is by observation; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer: and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of

whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished; as at Mogslot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses thatched with straw; yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them,

they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers; but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty; and he endeavonrs to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit, when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers (he continues) are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design: nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it; neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicity before the thing predicted is accomplished; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together, and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age? There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the

suspicion of concurring with an impostor, merely to gratify an illiterate, contemptible set of persons; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses, and cows, should be pre-engaged in a combination in favour of the second sight."—*Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 3. 11.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
'And we conquer but to save:—
'So peace instead of death let us bring;
'But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
'With the crews, at England's feet,
'And make submission meet
'To our King.'—

VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou:[a]
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

[a] Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his dispatches.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND:

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

VI.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,

And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd all in silence,—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:
'Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
'Why speak ye no word!'—said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
'Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?'
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
'And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
'Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

. . .

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
'I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
'On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
'Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh![a]

[a] Ireland my darling,—Ireland for ever!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
'And I'll give thee a silver pound,
'To row us o'er the ferry.'—

'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
'This dark and stormy water?'
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
'And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

'And fast before her father's men
'Three days we 've fled together,
'For should he find us in the glen,
'My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride;
'Should they our steps discover,
'Then who will cheer my bonny bride
'When they have slain her lover?'—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
'It is not for your silver bright;
'But for your winsome lady:

'And by my word! the bonny bird
'In danger shall not tarry;
'So though the waves are raging white,
'I'll row you o'er the ferry.'—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;[a]
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

[a] The evil spirit of the waters.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
'I'll meet the raging of the skies,
'But not an angry father.'—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water:
'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
'My daughter!—oh my daughter!'—

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,—
And he was left lamenting.

ODE

TO

THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

Soul of the Poet! wheresoe'er,
Reclaim'd from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality:
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illume
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife, at Burns's name,
Exorcised by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,—
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love?—
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-soul'd peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught!—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot,[a] the muse
Entranced, and show'd him all the forms
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted Poet views,)
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The Swain whom BURNS's song inspires?
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile tann'd
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep

[a] Burns was born in Clay-cottage, which his father had built with his own hands.

In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In BURNS's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that bless'd him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings:
Let high Philosophy control
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,

Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the Bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier—BURNS, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, oh! could he live,
The friend I mourn'd—the brave, the good—
Edward that died at Waterloo![b]

[b] Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust:
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree:
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart!
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:
To bear is to conquer our fate.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulph of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

VALEDICTORY STANZAS

To. J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING,
HELD JUNE 1817.

Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought th' heroic age
Revived to Fancy's view.
Like fields refresh'd with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past;

And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble—fare thee well!

His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only Acting lends,—
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.

What soul was not resign'd entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possess'd
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here!
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear;
But who forgets that white discrowned head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd glare—
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 'twas reality he felt?
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne,
And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man,
In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your KEMBLE's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste:—
Taste like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.

At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth:—
And must we lose them now!
And shall the scene no more show forth
His sternly pleasing brow!
Alas, the moral brings a tear!—
'Tis all a transient hour below;
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go!
Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review:—
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!

A DREAM.

Well may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.—
Half our daylight faith 's a fable;
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Phantasy,

Stamp'd and colour'd on my sprite,
In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
I was cast on Ocean's strife;
This, 'twas whisper'd in my hearing,
Meant the sea of life.
Sad regrets from past existence
Came, like gales of chilling breath;
Shadow'd in the forward distance
Lay the land of Death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
Twas mine own similitude.

But my soul revived at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
Smiling steer'd my bark.

Heaven-like—yet he look'd as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.
And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them—turn'd its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair spirit!
That my death-hour is not come?
Say, what days shall I inherit?—
Tell my soul their sum."
"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,
Trust me, would appal thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect:—
Ask not for a curse!
Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear

As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That 's now revolving in thy breast.

"'Tis to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,
In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver!
Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
New begun again?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from Being disentwine—
Threads by Fate together spun?
Could thy flight Heaven's lightning shun?
No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of Chance.

"Wouldst thou bear again Love's trouble—
Friendship's death-dissever'd ties;
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
Of Ambition's prize?
Say thy life's new guided action
Flow'd from Virtue's fairest springs—
Still would Envy and Detraction
Double not their stings?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr.'
—I caught the moral, and cried, "Hail!
Spirit! let us onward sail
Envying, fearing, hating none—
Guardian Spirit, steer me on!

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY IN LONDON, WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH, THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT.

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth!
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh!
Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given;
Yet in a mighty cause his phœnix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him!—How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead!—our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire!

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
Dear symbol wild! on Freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band[a] this day on Egypt's coast,
Whose valour tamed proud France's tricolor,
And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore!

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
First of Britannia's host her Highland band
Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed!

Is there a son of generous England here
Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear,
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore;
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
Their country leave unconquer'd as of yore!

[a] The 42d regiment.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS LATEST KILLED IN RESISTING THE REGENCY AND THE DUKE OF ANGOULEME.

Brave men who at the Trocadero fell—
Beside your cannons conquer'd not, though slain,
There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom,—and ye have not died in vain;
For come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain
To honour, ay embrace your martyr'd lot,
Cursing the Bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
As holier, hallow'd ground than priests could make
the spot!

What though your cause be baffled—freemen cast
In dungeons—dragg'd to death, or forced to flee,
Hope is not wither'd in affliction's blast—
The patriot's blood 's the seed of Freedom's tree;
And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
Cowl'd Demons of the Inquisitorial cell!
Earth shudders at your victory,—for ye
Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
The baser, ranker sprung, *Autochthones* of Hell!

Go to your bloody rites again—bring back
The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
Recording answers shriek'd upon the rack;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men;—
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den;—
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers! peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search—no tongue may challenge or reveal!

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors!—Spain was free,
Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
Been winnow'd by the wings of Liberty;
And these even parting scatter as they flee
Thoughts—influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
From Persecution—show her mask off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause!
Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause:—
No!—manglers of the martyr's earthly frame!
Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame.
Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame.
Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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